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THE MESSENGER

VOL. XXXVIII DECEMBER, 1911

No. 3

THE THOUGHTS OF MARY.

Frank Gaines, '12.

She knew not to the music of the spheres
Was added then new song, surpassing sweet,
Nor that through trackless miles of hopes and fears
Sages would come to worship at His feet.

*She only knew His tiny, tight-clutched hands hard pressed
Around her neck, and that His tiny head sought rest
Against the softened whiteness of her breast.*

She never saw a star within the East
Flooding with pale and soft and sickly light,
And pricking nerves alike of man and beast
As they beheld the marvel in the night.

*And yet somehow she knew that manger, stall and sty
Which even light divine could never glorify
Transfigured were with light from His blue eye.*

She has forgotten that which Gabriel told,
Nor dares to dream that down the distant trail
From East to West, as lands and seas unfold,
Men's voices evermore to Him cry "Hail!"

*She only knew that where hell's blackest shadows play
She paid the age-long, awful price that mothers pay,
That flesh of her flesh on her bosom lay.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

G. W. Blume, '13.

A TALL boyish figure shuffled through the swinging doors of a brilliant lighted saloon, and wormed its way through the hurrying crowds of busy Christmas shoppers that were thronging the streets. He paused in a sheltered nook in front of a toy store to light a cigarette, and as he did so, his eyes fell upon the fantastic display of toys and holly with which the window was filled. "Poor old mother," he muttered. "She used to fix me up Christmas things, but since dad died, we ain't had no Christmas. I wonder if——" His hand sought the pocket of his ragged trousers. "Not a cent left to even get some bread with, and—and we can't have no Christmas."

The boy reeled out into the mass of shoppers that poured by, and was hurried along by the eager crowd. Night was fast closing down, and a fine snow was beginning to fall that stung keenly as the wind whipped it around the corners.

Leaving the crowded street the boy turned down a dingy alley and entered a frail old tenement house that appeared ready to topple over with the first strong gust of wind that rattled it. Passing into a dimly-lighted room he found a drooping little woman, old before her time, shivering over a few coals whose feeble glow gave no sensation of warmth but rather made the cold and gloom seem the more drear. As the draught from the open door struck her, she coughed and pulled her faded shawl more closely about her bent shoulders. Turning her wan face and unnaturally bright eyes toward the young man she asked him if he had succeeded in finding work that day.

"No," said the boy shortly, and stumbled up the dark stairs to a cheerless attic into which the snow was sifting through several chinks.

Throwing himself on the bed, he could hear the old woman down stairs going to the cupboard for the scant rations that yet remained, in preparation of their meagre evening meal, and outside the wind shrieked as it whirled through the narrow alley.

Suddenly he found himself out on the street, fighting his way through the driving snowstorm, and shivering as the wind whipped through his thin rags. He had no definite idea as to where he was going or what he was doing there. He was cold and must have more whiskey, he must find the money for it somewhere. As he hurried along the almost deserted street, his head bent to the blast of the storm, he stumbled against an old man who was slowly picking his way along the slippery pavement, loaded down with bundles.

Suddenly a dark thought, born of the poison he had been drinking, entered his mind. Here was a defenseless old man—the street was feebly lighted and almost bare of pedestrians. What was easier than to give him a blow on the head—just enough to stun him—and take whatever he might have?

The youth turned, and with stealthy footsteps followed along in the shadows and dark recesses of the buildings. Picking a loose brick from the pavement he crept, wary as a panther, up into the very footsteps of the old gentleman. As he raised his arm to strike something made the old man turn, and, taken by surprise, the youth struck with his full force. The aged man fell heavily, his Christmas bundles scattering over the pavement. With a terrified glance about him the boy hastily searched his victim's pockets. As he drew out his plunder, his sleeve brushed the jagged wound in the forehead from which a little stream of blood still trickled down and froze on the cold bricks. One look at the white drawn face so strangely still, and the boy fled into the darkness of the night.

Almost as by instinct he found himself inside the doors of a stuffy barroom, thick with tobacco smoke and the reeking fumes of old casks. Reeling up to the center of the room he elbowed his way to the stove and shivered as the first warm blast struck him. Suddenly rousing himself he staggered back from the light cast by the open stove door, and in a strangely harsh voice demanded a drink. Again and again he drained his glass while his starting eyes rolled incessantly over the mixed group gathered about the stove. As he swallowed his last glass the goblet crashed to the floor and he lurched into the circle around the fire, muttering incoherently.

The group eyed him closely, and few were too drunk to note the wild, restless roving of the youth's eyes, or the nervous, unsteady manner in which he constantly glanced over his shoulder. For some time no one spoke, and the bar became strangely silent. The fire cast weird, fantastic figures on the floor and ceiling that writhed and twisted as if in mortal pain, and outside was heard the mournful howl of the rising storm. Suddenly the fire flared up and shone full upon the figure of the youth. He shrank back as from death itself, and instinctively raised his arm as if to ward off a blow. The man nearest him caught him by the wrist and held his sleeve full in the glare of the open stove. The boy looked slowly down, and with starting eyes and mouth contorted in a ghastly grin, he saw his blood-smeared sleeve, scarcely dry from brushing across the face of the old man.

Even while his drawn features were trembling in horror the fiery draughts began their work, and in a drunken frenzy the boy raved at the open stove that glared full on him as with the eye of a demon, raved at the mocking row of eyes that stared at him as a pack of wolves watch their victim, and at the long, snaky shadows that twined and clutched as if they were the ghosts of dead men reaching for his throat, and above all rose the dismal howl of the storm that wailed without. Casting around a wild, despairing look, in his frenzy he told all, and fell shrieking to the floor.

Rubbing his eyes in a daze, he saw his old mother come hobbling toward him.

"What in the world has happened, John dear?" she asked in a startled tone. "I heard you from downstairs when you fell."

"Mother! is it you? Am I really here at home, where is—didn't I really kill him? O, thank God! Mother—" and he drew the little old woman down on the bed and knelt at her feet—"Mother, oh, forgive me for all I've made you suffer! I didn't have nothin' to get you a Christmas gift with, but won't you let me be a gift to you, and be your boy again—like I used to be? Oh, say you'll forgive me, mother!"

The boy's form shook as he sobbed on his mother's knees, and the frail little woman smiled even while the tears rained down her cheeks as she bent over and kissed him again and again.

AFTER ALL.

A. O. S.

“WELL, Tom, here you come sneaking in after me. How many times have I told you that if you did not cut out your midnight prowling I should soon have to go to the funeral of my best friend? And you look tired, Tom. You’ve been hitting the pace that kills—kills, I say, and you don’t seem to mind.

What makes you look at me so? Can cats read human thoughts? You seem to understand what I am thinking right now. Yes, I see; we must all practice what we preach. So you intimate that I ought not to preach to you—is that it, sir? Well, perhaps I oughtn’t. I have been called a hell-cat myself, Tom. Do you know what a hell-cat is, Tom? He’s a fellow—a fellow, I say; women can’t be hell-cats—who likes to break a window just to hear the glass jingle, who goes the pace because he believes in free-will and personal rights, who believes religiously in the destructive power wine, woman and song—a fellow who is a hell-cat because he likes to hear himself so called. Sounds bad, doesn’t it, Tom? But, after all, it isn’t so bad. Who cares whether I am picked up with a hole in my brain to-morrow or next week or next year? A few aunts might tell the morbid dreamers what a generous fellow I was, how kind and thoughtful and all that sort of rot, but you may be sure they will have condemned me before the worms have begun their work. After all, Tom, you’ve had a good time; now confess up, haven’t you? You like to stay out nights and come home and sleep all day, and I can’t deny you those privileges. So have I had a good time, but still there is something lacking.

Sometimes in the long night watches I think I see it smiling at me, not kindly, but the way the vampire does when she has blown in your last dollar on wine—she chuckles in your face and leaves you to sober up. “What is it,” you ask? It’s Happiness, Tom.

the Mecca of souls like mine. It eludes me ever; when I think I have it in my grasp it has slipped through my fingers. I have debauched, I have attended church, I have done everything but forfeit my word—by God, I'll never do that—all in the pursuit of Happiness, but she had just left wherever I went. Don't think I am degenerate, though, Tom. I am not; I never will be. You know my life as well as I; sometimes when you blink at me with those dazzling green eyes I think you understand and appreciate. That's why I love you, Tom. You know that I have wealth—moderate it is true, but sufficient. I had ambitions once, yes, even ideals, but they were blasted in the mad fight for existence. I loved once, but she got huffy at the last spark of true love in my breast; she married my best friend. "That was a slap," you seem to say. Yes, that's why I keep you now, Tom. That which caused the heaviness of heart once in a while has passed now. But please don't rub that, Tom; it's a sore spot.

What, old man, have you fallen asleep while I was talking? Poor old fellow, rest quietly—I can't. Your soul, for I know you have one, can't feel the pangs, the sorrows, the ache, but still you look at me sometimes and I feel that you have sought the same phantoms with the same success. After all, Tom, we're not so bad. To be good is lonesome; to be bad is—well, social at least, but lacking somewhere. After all, it is not our intentions, our preachings, our boast, our outward appearance, but our actions that count. Tom, do you believe anyone has achieved happiness—Pardon me, Tom, I forgot you were sleeping. Well, I don't; the soul that has been mated to Happiness has never bumped into this planet of ours.

Here, Tom, jump up on the bed before I turn the switch. Let's rest and dream and try to carry away the heaviness of heart. It is not the sins, but the things that are lost, that make me unhappy. Good-night, my friend Tom. I—am—sleepy.

THE MORERN WOMAN IN ANCIENT ROME.

E. M. G., '14.

IN the early days of Rome during the period of the kings women were held in great degradation. They were taken like slaves from the Sabines, they had no legal right to their children, they could be divorced at the pleasure of their husbands, they could not travel without the permission of the state, and even their wardrobe was interfered with—a woman was allowed by law only three dresses. During the periods of the later Republic and the Empire, however, the women of Rome were almost on equality with the men. A Roman matron of that time assisted her husband in entertaining his friends and was allowed to preside at his banquets, although she could not follow the custom of reclining as did the men.

With the early Romans as with the Greeks marriage was a religious duty which a man owed alike to his ancestors and to himself. His choice was limited to a woman of his own caste; the patrician citizen had to wed a patrician or a member of an allied community. The marriage ceremony was a religious one, and according to the custom of antiquity, the husband bought his bride of her parents. She fulfilled her part of the contract by purchasing with three pieces of copper an introduction to his house and household duties. Gibbon says in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: "This union on the woman's side was hard and unequal, as she renounced the name and worship of her father's family to embrace a new servitude, decorated only by the title of adoption, neither rational nor elegant; and lived in the strange relations of sister to her own children and of daughter to her husband or master who was invested with the plenitude of parental power." Another authority says that "The Roman family, in the early history of the law, was an association hallowed by religion and held together, not by might only, but by conjugal affection, parental piety and filial reverence." The husband was

the priest in the family, but the wife and the children alike assisted in its prayers, and took part in the sacrifices to its Lares and Penates. As the Greek called his wife the "house-mistress" so did the Roman speak of his as "*Materfamilias*."

To our American minds the lot of an early Roman mother was a very hard one. Besides being under the complete control of her husband by whose judgment her conduct might be approved, censured or punished, and who held the jurisdiction of life and death over her, all she inherited or by her industry acquired belonged as a matter of course to that lord of creation in whose power she happened to be. Moreover, so clearly under the old law was woman defined not as a person, but as a thing, that if the original title were lacking she might be claimed like other movables by use and possession for an entire year. Thus we see that a wife in the early days was under the absolute control of her husband, but after 331 B. C., when the women of Rome nearly exterminated the male citizens of that city by a wholesale poisoning, they were allowed greater privileges.

Truly "the old order changeth" as we find from a study of the women of the later Republic and Empire. During these periods society in Rome became very corrupt on account of the great wealth of the country and the influx of eastern ideas. Then marriage for the Roman woman meant a transition from rigid seclusion to almost unbounded liberty. No restraint was put upon her except such as her modesty might dictate. Says William Inge in his *Society in Rome under the Caesars*: "We are assured by Seneca that there were women in Rome who counted their age, not by the consuls, but by their husbands; and by Juvenal that one leading woman married eight husbands in five years." Many of these marriages were entered into to serve the political ends of father, brothers or sons, and many children were betrothed when nothing but babies to strengthen the position of their fathers. "The heads of two friendly families would find themselves daily together in the struggle of the Forum and the Comitia or in the deliberations of the Senate. Did the idea occur to both that their children if affianced then, at seven or eight years of age, might cement more closely the union of the two

families, then straightway the matter was definitely arranged." Of this the story of Julius Cæsar is a curious proof.

In the later days the Republic, during the period of great moral decay, the Roman women to compensate for the neglect of their husbands had "affinities" of their own, who, under the pretence of being the woman's procurator, accompanied her at all times.

The Romans of the time of the Empire considered it perfectly honorable, sagacious and praiseworthy for a member of the political aristocracy to marry a rich woman, although rich wives were not sought after by wise men because their money made them very difficult to manage. Many a henpecked husband exclaimed with Juvenal, "*Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives.*" And poor wives were not very alluring. Since rich and poor wives were both objectionable the great majority of men never married.

Divorce could be obtained by a mere letter, and the law granted to the father the right to give notice of divorce to the daughter-in-law, instead of leaving that matter to his son.

The Romans gave their daughters a comparatively advanced education, but they were no great lovers of learned women as is shown by the quotation from Juvenal: "Yet she is more offensive, who as soon as she has taken her place at the table, praises Virgil, excuses the doomed Dido, matches and pairs off the poets, weighs in the balance Virgil on the one side, Homer on the other. Grammarians yield; teachers of rhetoric are vanquished; the entire company is silent; not even a lawyer, a public crier, nor any other women even may speak. * * * Let not the matron who is joined to you in marriage be the mistress of style or evolve an argument with well-rounded speech, and let her not know all the histories, some things there are in books which I would have her not understand. I hate the woman who is turning back to the grammatical rules of Palaemon and consulting them, always following the law and rationale of speech; the feminine antiquary who recalls verses unknown to me, and corrects the words of an unpolished friend which even a man would not observe. Let a husband be allowed to make a solecism. The wise person puts

a limit even on things good in themselves." They never forgot, however, to inculcate in them the idea that it was the duty of a woman, especially if she was nobly born, to know all the arts of good housewifery and especially, as most important, spinning and weaving.

There were women in Rome who followed the professions of medicine and law, but they were few in number and of low social standing. The legal profession required no technical training, but the law did not recognize the right of women to appear as advocates. Of one woman who argued her case before the praetor Valerius Maximus says: "She lived to the second consulship of Gaius Cæsar, and the first of Publius Servilius, for one ought to record the time when such an abnormal being died rather than when she was born." Women of the lower classes also held positions as costumers, seamstresses, washerwomen, weavers, women in charge of estates, fish-mongers and barmaids, while those of the more elevated classes were sometimes engaged in the brick business.

It was not until after the Punic triumphs that Roman matrons bestirred themselves and aspired to the common benefits of an opulent republic. Their wishes were gratified by the indulgence of fathers and lovers, and their ambition unsuccessfully resisted by the gravity of Cato the Censor. The Oppian Law had been passed in 216 B. C. to curb the extravagances of women at a time when all the resources of the community were required to meet the dreadful emergencies which had befallen the state. The women submitted patiently as long as the distress prevailed, but after the successful termination of the war they protested against it and not in vain. The bold methods which they used in carrying their plans against this law to a successful issue shocked the sedate historian Livy who tells us that "the matrons could be kept at home neither by persuasion nor by a sense of modesty nor by the authorities of their husbands." They became lobbyists, blocking up all the streets and approaches to the Forum and importuning men as they came down to the Forum to vote for the restoration of their rights. Cato was their most powerful opponent and it was at this time that he gave utterance to that

very startling declaration, "As soon as they have begun to be your equals, they will be your superiors." On the decisive day they beset the doors of the officials in a solid phalanx and did not give up their demonstrations until the tribunes promised not to oppose them. The repeal bill was passed by unanimous vote in the Assembly. Cassius Dio the historian says that "the women put on some ornaments right there in the Assembly and went out dancing."

The so-called weaker sex were no more contented with their denial of equality then than they are now. Then as now they protested against the injustice; then as now they found earnest women to represent them, as when Hortensia, the daughter of Cicero's rival, pleading in the Forum the cause of her sisters with an eloquence that won her case first enumerated the principal of "no taxation without representation." We hear no more of this agitation until we come to the *conventus matronarum* or the "little senate." This body, composed of women, held its meetings and by its decrees settled questions of dress, precedence, and the use of carriages.

Under the late Republic much is spoken of the great influence exerted by individual women, as for example Cornelia, the mother of Gaius and Tiberius Gracchus, who kept alive the memory of her sons after their death; Clodia who out of pique, through her brother Clodius, drove Cicero into exile. "One woman, therefore, Cornelia, set revolution in motion; another, Clodia, brought the movement to a climax."

These continued upheavals wrought great changes in the condition of women, until under the Empire women were in some respects better off than they are in America to-day. They could inherit property and transact business, and could even contract an honorable marriage, which left them complete liberty of action, and did away with all subordination in that relation.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

V. B., '12.

We heard the alarm of her quick heartbeat,
And saw her die upon the street,
Saw her slight form and haggard face,
Blood-paid prices of woman's disgrace—
Of the old, unspeakable blame that was hers.
And the hideous, infamous shame that was hers.

But the Lord God saw from His throne on high
An earth light glimmer through a starless sky,
And a woman's soul to Him draw nigh
Which foulest sin did glorify.

And when he died he died in state,
And we mourned the man's untimely fate,
Mourned him for his days cut short,
But comfort found in the deeds he had wrought—
The exalted, excellent trend of his life,
And the splendid, triumphant end of his life.

But the Lord God saw from His throne on high
An earth shade fall o'er a star-set sky,
And the soul of the damned as it downward fell,
And cast a shadow over hell.

THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON.

R. W. N.

THE whole plantation was clothed in a silvery sheen of moonlight. The air was warm and heavy with the fragrance of the clover which came in great gushes as the wind stirred and drifted lazily from the south. The river was ceaselessly growling over the rocks and the sound of its strife mingled with the peaceful tinkle of the cow-bells from the meadows along the bank. The tall columns of the mansion on the hill gleamed bright in the moonlight, but the dazzling white was relieved by the massy green of the magnolia trees which flanked the long open portico.

The two who were seated under the trees on the wide lawn had been talking very earnestly in subdued tones, but now silence reigned. It was finally broken by the voice of the man:

"Beryll, are you going with him?"

"I must; I am all he has left."

The young man clenched his hands in silence; he knew the girl was right. But suddenly his anger blazed up against something, anything.

"What has he got to go back for, he is too old to take any active part? It seems to me he might be content to stay here."

"It seems to you he ought to stay here?" she replied with heat, "You forget that my father became an old man in the North, you forget that kinspeople, friends—all are there, you forget that my mother is buried in the old Maryland graveyard, you forget——" her voice choked and she stopped, but her eyes flashed defiantly and her cheeks were scarlet.

"But you will have to give up one or the other, and you can't get around it. Which?"

"Maybe there won't be any real trouble; maybe it will be settled soon."

"The state seceded to-day. I am going to the capital to-morrow to enlist. God knows where it will all end," he added wearily.

Her face blanched. All the defiance was gone now and she gazed straight ahead, seeing nothing. The thoughts came into her mind so fast she could not separate them; words crowded to her lips but she said nothing. He watched her face a moment, then the lines about his mouth hardened.

"Which?" he said.

"Oh, Robert, not to-night, not to-night! Give me a little time."

"I am going to-morrow to enlist, to fight against your kin perhaps; but it is forced on us, I can't help myself—which?"

The tears trickled slowly through her hands, she shook with sobs. But soon she grew quiet. When she lifted her face the look there gave him a start. "I must go with him, she told me never to leave him and—I never will!" She said it very quietly, but he knew she had decided. His pride was hurt, but he put his pride aside and took her into his arms.

"I am going, Beryll. Something tells me we will meet again—it may come out all right and then—," but he only kissed her again and again and was gone. She watched him motionless until his form had disappeared in the pale moonlight, and then she turned with bent head and went into the house with the old man who came out on the portico to meet her. "We must go to-morrow—God knows where it will all end," he said as the door closed.

* * * * *

The first battle on union soil was over, and both armies had retired to the ridges which were dotted here and there with glimmering campfires which did little but render the gloom out of their circles the more intense. In the darkness between the two ridges a small body of men clad in gray were moving about over the field of the struggle, giving aid to the wounded and dying. In the search a group of them came upon the body of an old man in civilian's dress. A small case at his side containing bandages and drugs mutely told the story of his presence there when the fatal bullet ended his mission of mercy. Lieutenant Coleman came up to the group and kneeling down, by the fitful flicker of

a candle looked into the dead face. "I knew him," he said simply after a short silence. He thought for a moment and then turned to the men: "Do any of you knew exactly where Gatesbury is? It's somewhere near here. His home's there," he added.

"I do, lieutenant; I came through the place last night. It's about a mile over there back of our line."

"Corporal, get a litter and put him on it. I am going to carry him home. You come along and show us the way," to the man who had spoken.

After about a half hour's walk the little party moved slowly into the village which had been the scene of such wild excitement when the Confederate army moved through it the day before. They had no trouble in finding the house. The people of whom they inquired answered their questions and stole awestruck glances at the men in gray and the burden on the litter. They laid him on the porch in the darkness and the lieutenant rang the bell with trembling hands. "Tell Miss James that Lieutenant Coleman wishes to see her, he has news of her father," he said to the servant who answered his ring. "Leave the door open," he added as she rushed away to carry the message. "Bring him in here, men," he ordered, opening the door of the parlor as soon as the servant was out of sight. They quickly placed him on the floor and quietly withdrew with uncovered heads. Coleman waited alone in the hall.

She came down the steps slowly, very pale and frightened looking.

"Oh, Robert!"

"Beryll!" and he took her in his arms.

"But my father, where is he? Oh, what has happened? Tell me, quick!"

And very gently he told her. At first she seemed like one turned to stone, then she suddenly pulled herself free from his arms. "I know," she said, "he's dead. Let me go to him. Don't touch me," as he made a movement toward her.

"Beryll, you mustn't see him now; I will call someone."

"No, let me alone! Is he in there? Let me go!" she said passionately. Like a wild animal she went into the parlor and

closed the door in his face. For a few moments not a sound came from the room where father and daughter were together. Then she came out, as still as death, with tearless eyes and tightly clenched hands.

"Beryll—"

"Don't call me that; leave me alone."

"But Beryll—"

"Don't call me Beryll. You all drove him away from his home down there and now you have come up here and killed him—you couldn't let him alone—all I had. Go!"

He was dumb and could not move a muscle. His silence seemed to still her passion, but her eyes glowed with a light he could not face.

"Go!" she said quietly. "Go!"

He turned slowly and staggered out of the door.

THE WAY OF US ALL.

Frank Gaines, '12.

THE first day he was home for vacation he walked up the little village street and met her. Of course he looked her over, but she passed on as though utterly ignorant that he was on this particular planet. He liked her for that. His fine sensibilities detested girls that were over-anxious, and he knew that all of them were easy if you gave them time. However, in so small a town it was inevitable that the boy from college and the visiting girl should meet. Out from between two high mountains a silvery sheet of water issued, known as New River, than which a more beautiful is not in all the world. Canoes were convenient and he knew how to row. By night across the blue-grass hills the light of the summer moon fell, soft and entrancing, and so—well, it's the old enigma and still unsolved, but grown commonplace now through ageless repetition, that all the ineffable sweetness of girlhood should be given to such as we. He never comprehended the marvel, the splendor, the might of her love, but he was aware of its reality. So they rambled the fields in the daytime and at night she played the "Melody in F." Perhaps the master musicians play more faultlessly, but as she sat there the paradoxical omnipotence of girlish passion was in the strain. The boy meantime was watching the dainty pumps and stockings as she pedaled. Then her big sister would call out the hour and he'd go home. From her window she watched him in the moonlight, heard his feet falling on the pavement, and wondered that even the mind of a God would conceive of such a being as he was. And he—well, he lit a cigarette and congratulated himself on the fact that his arms were very tired and his lips very hot and dry—from much over-work.

When September came and he returned to college, the correspondence was naturally fervid and frequent. Her letters were simple, childish affairs, very sentimental and very, very funny of

course. Our superior wisdom laughs when we are so fortunate as to catch a girl's heart under the microscope. And yet the world contains nothing half so serious or half so deep.

Very suddenly her letters stopped. Then in about two weeks he got a note from the big sister saying that the girl was dead and had been buried.

* * * * *

He went home for the holidays. On Christmas Day, for the first time, he walked out to her grave. It was not in the cemetery, but in the family plot, on the top of a rather broad hill. From off the high old Southwest Virginia peaks the wind swept down. The wild grass which covered the hill, tho' dead and turned brown, was still standing, and it swayed and bowed before the wind. It was bitterly cold and the boy was wondering how cold it was down in the ground. There was a mound, two or three weeks old. It was not very large, but then she was just a little girl. Yes, she must be down there. He turned his back to the wind and stooped down and pulled up a handful of grass which had been disturbed when they dug the grave. He held it in his hand before him. The root seemed so long, but great God!—no, that could not have grown out of *her* face. And yet that was all she was now—soil. "Death," he reflected, "is not ashes to ashes, nor dust to dust—merely dirt to dirt."

He turned again and looked at the river. It still flowed, a silvery sheet, and far down it he saw a canoe. It was more than he could bear. He went down on his knees, his face pressed hard against the little mound and his arms stretched across it.

Over on an opposite hill a church bell began to toll. It was summoning the country folk to celebrate the birth of Christ. His heart grew very bitter that the world was hilarious, and she whose laugh had been so light was dead; that it should come to worship the God who had killed her. This brought him to his feet, nothing is so strong as grief, except hatred. Then he registered some solemn vows to the little mound, and the little girl who once had been.

* * * * *

He was back again in his room at school which overlooked the principal street of the city. The old ache was in his heart, but he was hearing the roar of the city's life, the hum of the street cars, the rattle of empty carts, and the low surge of humanity as the great crowds tramped ceaselessly up and down. Somehow all this acted like a narcotic upon his pain. And most of all, he was hearing the swish of petticoats down the street.

He lit a cigarette and went to the window. He looked long and hungrily on the myriad forms of passing women. And his heart grew glad again.

THE MESSENGER

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EDITORIALS.

Richmond College has just closed the most disastrous football season in her history. Not a single time did her team cross the other goal line. And not only did this season bring DEFEATS. disaster but the one before it and the one before that tell the same sad story. The baseball team of 1911 was defeated time and time again by the colleges of the Eastern

League which are in the class with Richmond, those colleges which are every one smaller than she is. Richmond has not won the cup in football or baseball since the football team of 1906 got the trophy, and that has been five years ago. Last session Randolph-Macon carried the debating cup back to Ashland with her and the session before the Yellow Jackets sent us away without it.

We are not pessimists or grouches either. It is not a propensity for the grewsome which makes us drag up this array of ghastly skeletons. They are utterly loathsome to those who have become accustomed to the task of burying them, and that class includes every Richmond College student for the past four years. But we have chosen to resurrect them; it looks like it is about time for somebody to wake up. The fact is, Richmond College seems to be getting in the habit of being defeated. Of course we could treat the subject of defeats in a purely conventional way and give some hot air about being victorious in defeat—it sounds well and is comforting—but we are going to stick to the truth. The under dog soon loses heart if the upper one keeps on chewing him up. It looks like the spirit of this college is broken.

We are not fools enough to try to lay the blame on any particular person, class or body. It may be that the college community lacks that indefinable unity of purpose which is called college spirit; it may be that co-operation between faculty and student body is a matter to be talked about, but which is called condition must be put in actual practice. But if the trouble is not found and remedied a few years will find Richmond College sitting on the back seat with the down-and-out crowd. The air is already stagnant and stifling with the corruption of the aforementioned skeletons; the social and intellectual life of the institution cannot survive such an atmosphere. And if it is to be dispelled it must be by means of a more real co-operation between students and faculty, and a unity of purpose and action which can be obtained only by the constant willingness on the part of the individual to make of himself a real, unselfish sacrifice to the common cause. Such a spirit has made Richmond College and such a spirit will drag her out of the mire into which she has fallen.

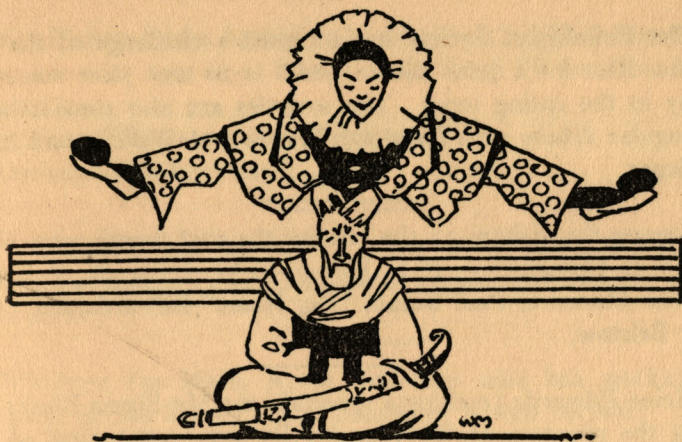
"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." The words of all the old prophets come through the changes of twenty-six hundred years to bring the spirit of Christmas. His wearied eyes looked forward to the Great Gift; the eyes of the nineteenth century look back, but the spirit is the same. Giving—that blessing which returns thrice blest on him who first bestows—it is giving which has preserved to this generation that institution of ages past, Christmas. In the mad swirl for existence even strong men stop and turn their thoughts from the grind of getting to the pleasure of brightening other cheeks and filling other eyes with the tears which flow for joy. The commercial spirit does not reign supreme; the spirit of Christmas holds the Christian world in bondage.

Would you possess the spirit of Christmas in your breast? "For unto us" He has been given; you have richly received, go and give. Give love; it is priceless, yet withal as free as the gifts of God. Go back home and love the gray-haired old father and the wrinkled, careworn mother. They will receive your gift with open hearts, it will be more precious than those treasures of the East. Perhaps you have forgotten, perhaps you have neglected, perhaps all has gone wrong; yet they will comfort you and believe in you and give you the love which makes strong for future trials. Love them now, while the time is given you.

Richmond is a convention city and November is convention month. Fellow students, did you know it? Did you attend the sessions of the National Municipal League? Did You? you hear Attorney General Bonaparte, Rear Admiral Chadwick, Secretary of the Interior Fisher, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Hon. Clinton Rodgers Woodruff and other men of national reputation discuss the problems of city government, one of the most vital issues of our civic life to-day? College man! You who are preparing yourself to take a larger place in our national life, did you honor yourself by being present at the First American Road Congress, held at the Jefferson Hotel on November 20-23d? Did you see that great assembly of men,

eight hundred strong, coming from Maine to California and from Oregon to Florida, every pulse beating with a common purpose, the improvement of the American highway? Did you feel a little stronger thrill of patriotism and a greater desire to take some part in these great movements? Did you feel that education is not all looks, but that the personal contact with the men who are doing things is one of the privileges of your college life in our capital city? Of course you felt so—you who went. If you stayed at home you have a new experience coming to you, and one that you cannot afford to postpone longer. Take this for a new year resolution, "That I shall heerafter make *Richmond* a part of my college course."

J. B. D.



CAMPUS NOTES.

G. H. Winfrey, '12.

On Monday, November 6th, in the regular meeting of the Athletic Association, Dr. W. A. Harris was elected president of the Association to complete the term of Dr. Dickey, who had resigned from the faculty and the presidency. Two weeks later, in a called meeting, an election was held for track manager, Mr. G. H. Winfrey having given up that position on account of stress of other duties. Mr. F. M. Benton was chosen manager and Mr. Edward M. Gwathmey was elected to the vice-presidency vacated by Mr. Benton.

Rat Wilkinson: I went to the literary society last night and got fined ten cents for going to sleep.

Harris: That was sure hard luck.

Wilkinson: No, I saved fifteen cents, because if I had been absent I would have been fined twenty-five.

O'Neil: If you had a million dollars what would you do for Richmond College?

Gray: "I'd leave it.

The Philologian Society has accepted a challenge of the Mu Sigma Rho for a joint debate which is to take place sometime early in the spring term. The societies are also considering a triangular debate with Randolph-Macon and William and Mary Colleges.

Among the visitors on the campus the past month were E. P. and J. L. Stringfellow, F. L. Harris, F. W. Jones, W. P. Lecky, Walter Moncure, Paul Snead, "Big Heine" Edwards and Cuthbert Bristow.

Heine Edwards (making a speech in the Mu Sigma Rho): In 1644 the pioneers of the Manchu Dynasty got control of the Chinese throne and his ancestors have been reigning there ever since.

Eckles (meeting Baby Benton coming up steps in Science Hall): Hello, Baby.

Benton (absentmindedly): Hello, Woodward— Pshaw! What am I thinking about?

And echo answers, "What?"

On the evening of Tuesday, November 28th, the German Club gave its second dance at the Hermitage Club House. All present had a very pleasant evening.

Croxtton: When is The Messenger going to press?

Duffy (butts in): Who presses it anyway?

Gary (arriving in Lexington on football trip): Was the battle of Lexington during the Revolution fought here?

Chorus Girl (to Broaddus, who occupies front seat in the Colonial): O my beloved, my affinity! Come, kiss me, Clarence; I'm a glutton for punishment.

Broaddus extinctus est.

Rat Decker (stops boning and soliloquizes): They say college days are your best days; I hope to the Lord I'll see some better ones.

Junior: What are you studying now?

Decker: Whisker's math.

Wonder if it was the Co-Eds' sense of the aesthetic fitness of things that caused Coach Coffman to get *his* new trousers a dark blue also?

Whiskers (in Math. A, to Broaddus who has worked out problem on the board): Mr. Broaddus, is that correct?

Broaddus: Yes, sir.

Whiskers: Nonsense!

Broaddus: Yes, sir.

McManaway (with MacDuval, catches a whiff of roast turkey from Jefferson Hotel dining room): Say, Mac, how much do you suppose they would charge me for a good smell?

Loving (in Jr. Phil.): Doctor, the book says judgment is synthetic and anaesthetic.

Dick Richards: I'm going down to see Anna Held.

Newton: Who's going to hold her?

The Richmond College Athletic Association in a meeting on November 6, 1911, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

I. We have accepted with sincere regrets the resignation of Prof. W. P. Dickey as president of this Association, and we deplore the loss of this excellent officer and genial friend.

II. In appreciation of his faithful and efficient service in behalf of athletics for the past three years and his untiring efforts in furthering the spirit of sportsmanship we extend to him a cordial

vote of thanks. Always businesslike, ever careful of the interests of the Association, his place will be hard to fill.

III. That these resolutions be incorporated in the minutes of the Association, published in The Richmond College Messenger, and a copy sent to Professor Dickey.

J. VAUGHAN GARY, *Chairman,*

J. W. DECKER,

G. G. GARLAND,

• Committee of R. C. A. A.



ATHLETICS.

G. W. Blume, '13.

After football season is over there is generally a lull in athletic activities until after examination and the holidays and the men get down in earnest to track practice. Some promising material for the cinder path is around college, and it is up to the men to get out and make things look lively in the meets planned for the winter and spring. The resignation of Manager Winfrey made a vacancy which has been filled by Mr. F. M. Benton and we feel sure that this department will receive a satisfactory and substantial backing from our two-hundred-and-some pound manager.

And now for the review of the remainder of the football season. Since the last MESSENGER went to press five games have been played, the first with Hampden Sidney. Richmond College possessed the stronger line but she was crippled with the loss of some of her best men, and was unable to advance the ball at the critical moments. Hampden Sidney kicked a field goal in the last quarter, and the whistle blew with the score of the first championship game 3 to 0 in favor of our visitors from Farmville.

On the 4th of November a badly crippled team, which left behind such men as Decker, Ancarrow, Lutz and Meredith in too bad shape even to go, played at Lexington. With Captain

Taylor and Tyler also out of the game we met the strong aggregation of V. M. I. with a team composed principally of substitutes. It is small wonder that a score of 38 to 0 was piled up against us.

The next game played was the championship contest with William and Mary. On the 11th of November a hundred loyal supporters of the Red and Blue accompanied the squad down to Williamsburg on a special train, and subsequently outrooted the William and Mary crowd two to one. The recovery of a punt in the last quarter enabled the Looneys to get within kicking distance of the goal. A drop kick by Spencer made the score 3 to 0. But this score looks different when we remember that W. and M. made first down but three times during the game, while R. C. made the yards forty-three times.

The following Saturday a game was scheduled with Maryland University, but they wired that they would be unable to play Saturday and wished to substitute Friday. As the park was engaged for that day the game was called off and a game with the Richmond Blues substituted. With Billy Word as about the only star of the day the game closed with the score 15 to 0 against the college.

There only remained the final championship game of the season with Randolph-Macon. The Biblets had won the other two championships from W. and M. and H. S., and came down expecting an easy victory. Not so far back they came down with similar anticipations and carried back a score of 12 to 2 against them, and there was a feeling in the air that something like that was going to happen again, but our ever-present friend, the hoodoo, willed otherwise. During the first half of the game Richmond kept the ball in Randolph-Macon territory, but in the third quarter a Biblet recovered the ball on a high bounce and scored a fluke touchdown. The other score, a goal by a drop kick, was made by straight football, and the game ended 9 to 0 in favor of Randolph-Macon.

The season has closed without the team crossing their opponent's goal line. Judging from scores the season has been a failure. But no one who has followed the career of the team

through its up-hill struggle and has seen the earnest efforts, the fight against an almost uncanny streak of bad luck, the patience and self-sacrifice of the men who practiced and played day after day on a losing team, will be inclined to judge them harshly. Every one cannot win and the man who can bravely stand discouragement and defeat is by the ordeal made all the stronger. There are some who are seeking a scapegoat on which to lay the sins of the season. Those individuals are the men who were down town to some cheap show or strolling around with a cigarette in their mouths knocking the team, instead of donning a suit and doing their part to help develop it.

We cannot close without saying a word for the rooters. In years past the student body has been accused of being lukewarm at times in their support of athletics, but the men this year have stuck by a losing team and at the last game of the season showed that they still had confidence in that team by contributing forty dollars for a band. With such a spirit awakened in the college, the outlook for greater things in athletics is by no means dark. The past with its disappointments and hard experience is here to teach us that the future is before us to make the most of, and we promise the student body greater things in the days to come.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

J. E. Welsh, '12.

Rev. D. M. Simmons, B. A., '05, after receiving his theological degree at Chicago University and filling an important pastorate in the West, has returned to Virginia and accepted a pastorate in Petersburg.

Rev. J. E. Hicks, D. D., M. A., '00, preached the annual sermon before the Baptist General Association of Virginia at the meeting in Norfolk.

A. Paul Bagby, M. A., '99, has been elected to a professorship in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky.

Dr. C. M. Hazen, M. A., '89, has resigned as Division Superintendent of Schools for Chesterfield and Amelia counties in order that he may devote more time to his practice and his professorship in the Medical College of Virginia. Dr. Hazen is highly praised by the State Board for the efficiency of his administration.

Sands Gayle, B. L., '98, has been re-elected to the Virginia Senate.

P. P. Deans, B. A., '01, was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Virginia Baptist General Association.

D. J. Carver, M. A., '96, recently resigned his professorship in Nankin, and has entered the Department of Education of the University of Chicago as a graduate student.

Mitchell Carroll, M. A., '88, has resigned his professorship in the George Washington University and is devoting his entire time to his duties as Secretary of the Archaeological Institute of America.

Judge John H. Ingram, B. L., '81, of the Law and Equity Court, died suddenly in Richmond last month. He was regarded as an able jurist and was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends.

J. Howard Gore, '77, LL.D., '11, has recently returned from Europe where he delivered a course of scientific lectures before the University of Copenhagen.

Among the speakers who have championed a modified form of commission government for the city of Richmond, none have been more active or influential than Mayor D. C. Richardson, B. L., '74, and Mr. C. V. Meredith, B. L., '71, former City Attorney of Richmond. Their addresses before the Business Men's Club and the Chamber of Commerce have been highly complimented.

The following Richmond College alumni are students in the graduate department of Harvard University: H. B. Handy, M. A., '99; C. D. Wade, B. A., '05; MacIver Woody, B. A., '05, and T. J. Moore, B. A., '08. Mr. Handy holds a fellowship and Messrs. Wade and Moore are the holders of endowed scholarships.

Rev. C. T. Willingham, B. A., '99, has returned to Japan as a missionary.

Among foreign missionaries now on leave of absence in the United States are Rev. S. M. Sowell, M. A. '00, of Argentina; Rev. J. W. Shepherd, M. A., '00, President of the Training School, Rio de Janerio, and Rev. H. W. Provence, M. A., '94, of China.

The first woman to receive a degree from Richmond College was Miss Lulie G. Winston, daughter of Professor Charles H. Winston, who won the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1898. She is also the first woman to receive the Doctor's degree from the Johns Hopkins University, having won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy there last June. She is at present Professor of Chemistry in the State Normal School in Farmville.

J. Elvin Courtney, '81, died recently in Denver, Colorado. He had held important positions on the medical staff of various hospitals of New York, and particularly at the Hudson River State Hospital.

J. R. Ingram, B. A., '08, is principal of the Wicomico High School, Northumberland County, Va.

Grattam Payne, M. A., '08, is superintendent of the Bath County schools.

J. T. Tenderson, B. A., '08, principal of the Max Meadows High School.

E. P. Wightman, B. S., '08, expects to receive the degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University in June.

J. B. Peters, B. A., '09, entered Princeton University this session and expects to receive the M. A. degree in June.

J. T. Cropp, B. A., '08, is at present pastor of the First Baptist Church, Bellingham, Washington. Last session Mr. Cropp received the B. D. degree from Crozer Seminary, and in 1910 M. A. from the University of Pennsylvania. He won a place on the University of Pennsylvania debating team last winter, but was prevented by serious illness from debating against Cornell.

Robt. Beverley, B. A., '10, is in the office of Beverley & Gayle, Printers, Richmond, Va.

Thomas W. Ozlin, B. A. and B. L., '09, of McNeil, Hudgins and Ozlin, has law offices at Kenbridge, Va.

Roscoe Spencer, B. A., '09, is continuing his medical studies at Johns Hopkins University.

W. J. Young, B. A., '07, is professor of Philosophy at Hampden Sidney College. Mr. Young received his B. D. from Crozer Seminary, 1910, and Ph. D. from University of Pennsylvania, 1911.

T. H. Smith, B. S., '10, is in the employ of John Wanamaker in New York.

Cosby M. Robertson, B. A., '05, was married on October 24th to Miss Rosebud Johnson, of Louisa, Va. After a trip through the North, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson are residing at Buchanan, W. Va., where Mr. Robertson is pastor of the Baptist Church.

Robert Bowling, B. A., '10, is attending Colgate Seminary. Mr. Bowling was married last spring to Miss Noland Hubbard, formerly a student of Richmond College.

"NEAR GRADS."

S. A. Caldwell is teaching school in Louisiana.

Sidney J. Lodge, familiarly known as "Lanky," catcher on the 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07, '08 and '09, is superintendent and commandant of the Briarly Hall Military Academy at Poolesville, Md.

W. S. Jenkins is studying medicine at the University of Maryland.

Merle Nellist, a student in the law school for two years, is shortly to open an office at Keysville, Va.

E. Belfort is studying at Colgate University and Seminary to equip himself for the work of the foreign mission field.

E. W. Robertson, after completing the English course at Crozer Seminary, has accepted the charge of a field on the Eastern Shore.

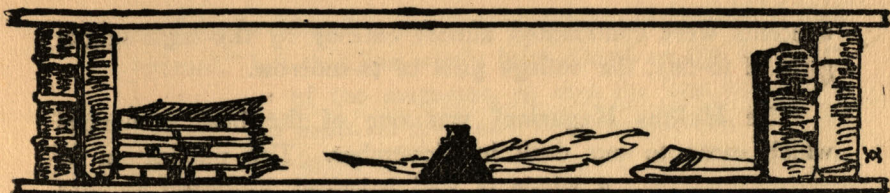
ALUMNI DINNER IN NORFOLK.

Dr. F. W. Boatwright.

It has been known for some years that a large number of Richmond College graduates were engaged in public education in Virginia, but these men and women had never come together for conference until the Norfolk meeting of the State Education Association. Professor R. E. Loving, chairman of the Faculty Alumni Committee, and the writer went over the records in the office of the State Superintendent of Education and found that about eighty of our alumni were teaching public high schools or were otherwise actively engaged in the work of public instruction. We invited these teachers and superintendents to pay for their own plates at a dinner to be given in Norfolk on the evening of November 20th in the Lynnhaven Hotel, for the purpose of renewing college friendships and gathering fresh inspiration for their important tasks. Of course we knew that not all could go to Norfolk, and we had no idea how many would feel sufficiently interested to stand the tax on time and pocketbook. When the replies began to come in we were delighted to find that everyone seemed pleased with our plan, and that all, without a single exception, who could be in Norfolk,

would be present at the dinner. Several said they had wondered why the thing had not been done before.

When Toastmaster R. C. Stearnes, M. A., '87, Secretary of the State Board of Education, called us to order it was found that forty-seven had gathered about the beautifully decorated tables. Mr. Stearnes is well acquainted with the part taken by Richmond College alumni in education in Virginia, and he paid them well deserved compliments. Gracious words of welcome to Norfolk were spoken by Dr. Burnley Lankford, President of the Norfolk Chapter of Richmond College Alumni. Professor R. E. Binford, B. A., '96, Secretary of the Co-operative Education Association spoke in merry mood of the ups and downs of life in college and thereafter. Superintendent Edwards, B. A., '98, of Sussex, gave an interesting account of the way in which Richmond College had raised the standard of the schools in his division. He had brought with him three of the alumnae of the college now teaching in his schools. Professor Estes Cocke, of Hollins, recalled interesting reminiscences of his college days, and declared his loyalty to the greater Richmond College of the near future. The writer gave some bits of college news, and told something of the progress now being made on the new college buildings. Professor Loving, who had made the arrangements for the dinner, was called out, and not only heartily thanked for his services but was requested to make similar arrangements next year at the meeting place of the States Association. Secretary Stearnes made quite a hit when he called on each man and women present to rise and give his or her name, address and present position. It was found that classes from 1873 to 1911 were represented. Everybody got acquainted with everybody else, and all added to the number of their friends. It was a joyous occasion from which good is bound to flow to the old college and to the cause of education in Virginia.



EXCHANGES.

G. V. McManaway, '12.

"This is a present in which colleges for girls are recognized more widely than ever before as a very potent factor in the world—a present in which the college girl has more opportunities and privileges than ever before—a present which is looking more expectantly than any past has done for the fruits of these college days." Thus the editor of "The Hollins Magazine" moralizes on the time in an able editorial of the November issue, and having read her article and thought it over for ourselves, we were forced to agree with her.

With the realization of this truth there came to us the clear, stern call of duty. Believing that he is the greatest benefactor who best serves his own generation, we would aid the present in this search "for the fruits of these college days," and thus establish our claim to immortality. Therefore we are turning the limelights on the publications of girls' schools alone this month, and placing our entire column at the disposal of this worthy cause.

But having a fondness for moralizing ourselves, we have pursued the thought one step further and discovered that the future has even greater opportunities for the college girl than the present, and will expect a much more abundant fruitage. And so, while aiding the present in these expectations for the college girl of to-day, we have deemed it proper and fitting to glimpse the future and estimate the ability of the college girl that is to be. The opportunity for this has been afforded by reviewing two of the best high school publications of our State, for their

contents were contributed almost entirely by the high school girls of to-day, the college girls of to-morrow.

"The Hollins Magazine" was one of the best exchanges which came to our desk in November. The publication as a whole is well balanced, although another poem or two of the same quality as those which it contains would have made it even stronger. The essays are not only instructive but they are interesting, and strange to say they seem to have been written especially for the magazine rather than being rehashed themes from an English class. "Shakespeare and the Gifts of Stratford" presents a vivid picture of Shakespeare's boyhood surroundings, and very interestingly traces their influences on his plays. "Cooper, the American" and "Carlyle versus the Shams in Religion and Politics" are careful treatments of their subjects. Of the stories, "The Stranger" and "The Price of Knowledge" are best. The cowboy stories found in college magazines are usually forced and overdrawn, but "The Stranger" is a pleasing exception to this rule. Its setting is good and the plot is developed evenly. "Disciplining Bradley Junior" exhibits the one great fault of college stories, unnaturalness. Parts of the story are good and indicate that the writer has made the acquaintance of that most charming child, "William Green Hill," but she forgets before reaching the end that her hero is only four years old, and makes him talk like a child of at least twice that age. Both of the poems are of a high order. We were pleased with their thought and expression. Two of the articles in "The Contributor's Club" are good, "The Hollins Spirit" and "The Hamilton House," but we can't see that the magazine is strengthened any by the others. The departments, too, are well gotten up and are as deserving of praise as the literary portion of the magazine. We have only one suggestion to make—please say something funny. Wit is the one condiment which will make the magazine entirely palatable. Only a pinch is needed, a few original jokes or amusing incidents of your college life will help wonderfully. Try it.

"The Dearest Place" is the only poem in the Winthrop College Journal," but that has wisely been placed on the first page of the magazine, so that the first impression *Winthrop College Journal* made on the reader is a pleasant one. We enjoyed the poem thoroughly, and because it is so distinctly feminine we are taking the liberty of applying to it the one adjective which can do it complete justice—it is "cute." The stories, taken collectively, are better than any magazine which we have seen this season. They are interesting and contain some excellent touches. We wish there had been more poetic justice in "The Lesson," however, for the heroine would have been more human had she possessed some independence and ended the story with a "no" rather than a "yes." The two essays are good, except that "Two Heroes of the Age of Chivalry" is entirely too short. The departments are creditable, but once more we are cheated of a laugh. Can it be that college girls are lacking in humor?

"The Focus" of S. N. S. has good material but there is not enough of it. If there were two poems, an essay and two or three stories in addition to what it already *The Focus* contains, and if these extra contents were as good as the present ones, then it would be an excellent publication indeed. We were pleased with its contents, and liked particularly "School-girl Friendships" and "The Taming of the Ten." The former is an essay which deals with the pleasures and disappointments of friendships in a charmingly frank and clear manner. Nothing startlingly new is disclosed, and yet these friendship experiences which we have all had are recorded in such a manner as to hold our interest to the end. "The Taming of the Ten" is as refreshing and interesting a story of college life as one could well find. The departments of the Focus are a credit to the magazine and show that the editors are at work. We were rewarded with that long desired laugh by the "Hit or Miss" column and were relieved to find that college girls are not entirely devoid of humor.

The Staunton High School has just cause to feel proud of the

first number of the "Record"—it has made a very auspicious beginning. The stories are interesting and realistic, and the sketch is an attractive bit of description. The essay, "The Kent Edition of 'The Princess,'" although well worked up, is not the style of essay that interests the public, so it is hardly suitable for a school magazine. The departments give evidence of the zeal of the editors and make it evident that "The Record" is to be an even greater success before the session closes.

"This month larger and brighter than ever," the John Marshall Record of the John Marshall High School, Richmond, is an exceedingly creditable magazine. Its stories and poems are unusually good, but it needs a few more essays. The editorial departments are live and carefully prepared, so that all in all, the Record compares favorably with a large number of college magazines.

Our task is done. Soothed by the consciousness of a duty performed, we await unafraid the verdict of the present, for we have tasted the fruit and like Eve and have found it good.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *I saqueena, The Acorn, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Arbutus, Gonzaga, Cardinal and Cream, The Union Seminary Magazine, The Red and White, Hampden Sidney Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Wake Forest Student, The Pharos, The Austinian, Georgetown College Journal, The Buff and Blue, The Carolinaian, University of Virginia Magazine, The Southern Collegian, The Chronicle and The Emory and Henry Era.*

ERRATA.

Page 92, heading should read THE *MODERN* WOMAN IN ANCIENT ROME.

Page 106, 2nd paragraph, 5th line, "which is called" should read *which under no*.

Page 107, 2d line, "all the old prophets" should read *the old prophet*.

Page 107, 6th line, "spirits" should read *spirit*.

Page 108, 6th line, "looks" should read *books*.

Page 90, 2d paragraph, 10th line, "power wine" should read *power of wine*.